

THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED BY CLEVELAND & PEARCE.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION.

OFFICE ON MARKET STREET.

VOLUME III.

PORTSMOUTH, O., MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 16, 1850.

NUMBER 37.

Business Cards.

Blanks! Blanks!!
An assortment of blanks of various kinds such as Warrants, Quit-Claim and Mortgage Deeds, Subpoenas, Summons, Executions, Attachments, and other Justice's blanks, on hand at this office.

BARKER & SMITH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Tin, Copper, Sheet-Iron Ware
AND STOVES.
Market Street, under the Inquirer Office,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

D. P. ROSEBOOM & CO.
Machinists and Brass Founders,
Haddock's Buildings, Chillicothe Street,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

THEY make and repair all kinds of Steam Engines, Mill Gearing, Lathes, &c., as well as all kinds of Machinery. Their Brass Foundry being the only one of this kind in the State. They also keep always on hand Ross's Patent Double Action Force Pump, a most excellent and useful machine for drawing water from deep wells and forcing it to almost any desired height or distance.
Portsmouth, Nov. 11, 1850—32y1

BANKING OFFICE

KINNEY & TRACY!
Kinney & Tracy have opened an office for discount and deposits, on Front street, four doors below the U. S. Hotel. Interest allowed on deposits, payable on demand. Gold, silver, and current notes bought and sold. Office hours from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.
May 13, 1850.

FARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
East side of Market, one door from Front street
THOS. DUGAN, GEO. W. HERED, M. MACK, JR.

DUGAN, HERED & CO.
Exchange Brokers,
LOAN money collect notes and drafts, and selling remittances promptly, on and sell Real Estate, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, receive money on deposit allowing 5 per cent. interest on the same, payable on demand.

SUMS OF MONEY
LARGE and small, transmitted at all times, to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany. DUGAN, HERED & CO., Exchange Brokers, East side of Market, one door from Front street, Portsmouth, O., Oct. 17, '49—28ft.

New Hat and Cap MANUFACTORY!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

S. R. ROSS,
WHOLESALE GROCER,
COMMISSION
AND
PRODUCE MERCHANT,
AND
Forwarder,
FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH OHIO

OF A full and complete assortment of Tea, Sugars, Wines, Liquors, Nails, Iron, Coffee, Molasses, Powder, Cordage, &c., always on hand, at Eastern Wholesale prices.
Particular attention given to orders.
Portsmouth, May 8, 1848. tf.

F. J. OAKES, A. W. BUSHICK
OAKES & BUSHICK,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Dealers in
Rectified, Whiskey, Foreign
AND
Domestic Liquors.

NO. 6,
Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.
We hope by strict attention to business and due observance of the wants of our customers, and the public generally, to receive continuance of that liberal patronage here before extended to the old firm, for which we are very much obliged.
January 2, 1849.—33y

Summer Hats,
THE subscriber now has on hand and is finishing a superior quality of Hats of the latest styles and of every variety adapted to the season. Also,
Children's Hats and Caps,
of every beautiful form & now on hand, all of which will be sold singly or by the dozen, on terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory.
D. WOLFARD,
Front Street, Portsmouth, April 29, '50

J. N. McDowell, Jr.,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
NEW ORLEANS.
Large Arrival of
BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have just received my large and well selected stock of
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Shoe Findings.
Persons wishing any thing in my line, will find it to their interest to give me a call. My stock has been principally manufactured under my own directions, and I am determined to sell as low as any house west of the mountains.
R. LLOYD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings

Business Directory.

GROCERS & PRODUCE DEALERS
S. R. ROSS,
Front street, 5 doors below Market.
Oakes & Bushick,
No. 6, Front street, above Market.

COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS & GROCERS.
Davis & Smith,
East side of Market street.
McDowell & Co.,
Corner of Front and Market streets.

PHYSICIANS.
Dr. J. M. Shackelford,
Residence on Fourth above Court.
Dr. J. Corson,
Residence on Court, between 4th and 5th sts.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Edward W. Jordan,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.
W. A. Hutchins,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.

BANKERS.
F. Kinney & Co.,
Front, half way between Market & Jefferson
Dugan Hered & Co.,
East side of Market, 1 door from Front street

INSURANCE COMPANIES
Portsmouth Insurance Company,
Front, in J. Lodwick & Son's Store.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
Wm. Eldon & Co.,
East side Market, between Front & Second
Lodwick & Son,
No. 66 Front, above Jefferson

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
J. L. McVey & Co.,
Front, 53 Franklin Row.
Shackelford & Crichton,
Front, below Jefferson.

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
S. Well,
Front, between Court and Market.

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.
John Clugsten,
Front, one door above Kinney's.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.
J. B. & S. P. Nickels,
West side Market, between Front & Second

MERCHANT TAILORS.
A. C. Davis,
Front Street, below U. S. Hotel.
Miller & Elsas,
Corner of Front and Jefferson.

BOOTS & SHOES.
M. Kehoe,
Front, two doors below Jefferson.

HATS AND CAPS.
D. Wolfard,
Front street, one door below Franklin House

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
J. M. Teagarden,
Over No. 3, Jefferson street.

JOB PRINTING
AT THE
INQUIRER OFFICE.
HAVING recently procured an Extensive and Splendid Assortment of
FANCY AND JOB TYPE,
We are prepared to execute in the neatest manner and at short notice, all kinds of
SHOW BILLS, BALL TICKETS,
HANS BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS,
HORSE BILLS, VISITING CARDS,
LABELS, CIRCULARS, &c.

With a new and beautiful font of
Script,
and also one of Secretary Type,
we are prepared to execute all kinds of Legal and Business Papers.
We shall always keep on hand a full assortment of Land conveyances, Bills of Lading, Promissory notes, &c., got up after the most approved forms, which we will sell by the single sheet or quire, at prices, for the most part, as low as they can be procured in Cincinnati. Having been at considerable expense, from a desire to have the above named kinds of work executed as well in our town as they can be in larger places, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. H. MURRAY & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Stoves, Grates, Castings and Hollow-ware,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper, Zinc, Sheet-iron, and Tin-ware,
WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

We invite Country merchants, Furnace men, and citizens generally, to call and examine our stock. All orders promptly attended to. Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch.
Portsmouth, Sept. 15, '49—24wt.

GREAT HARVEST FROLIC!
NEW
DRY GOODS.
JAMES RUSSELL,
HAS just received his FALL stock of Dry Goods, and now invites the examination of Merchants and House holders, to one of the largest, choicest, and cheapest assortments to be found in this place. His stock of Silks and Fancy Dress Goods, and trimmings of every kind is unusually large, to which the attention of the ladies is particularly invited.

Queenware and Glass.
Furnace men and Merchants, will find the Queenware department fully supplied with everything in that line, and at prices uniformly lower than it can be had in Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, and 25 per cent. lower than can be delivered from Philadelphia.

CALL AND SEE.
Sept. 25, 1850—50 J. P.

PLINT GLASS WORKS.
THE undersigned are now prepared to furnish orders for all kinds of Plint Glass Ware, which they will sell at Pittsburgh prices, and warrant equal to any in the market. Merchants will find it to their advantage to call before making their purchases, elsewhere.
MOORE & BROTHERS,
Portsmouth, Sept. 25, 1850—50

THE MUSES.



THE MUSIC GRINDER.
BY G. W. HOLMES.

You're sitting on your window seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon,
And you hear around that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune.
As if a broken life should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.
And nearer, nearer, still, the tide
Of music seems to come—
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, Sweet Home" should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "Ould Acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face;
Then discordant through Burns and Moore
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace,
You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music is no more,
And silence, like a pontic, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be—it is—it is!
A hat is going round!
No! Pat the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of a bear
That stung you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentences with an oath,
And shut the window down!
And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a fat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

Old Friends Together.
O, time is sweet when roses meet,
With spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the coat, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in the darkest weather;
But ought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

The few long known whom years have shown
With friends that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face bad weather;
O, this may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together.

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE FLIRT.

"He won't style! I should be bored by such a man."
"But he has sense; and that is a thing that wears better and longer than style."
"Pshaw—look at him dwelling there with his hands fumbling about his breeches pockets. That is always my mark of man's breeding; when he does not know what to do with his hands, depend upon it he—"
"What, what?"
"Why, little better than nobody; I could never get on with such a man."
"And yet you have accepted him?"
"Oh! just because no other is in the way at present."
"There, you are trifling with that good creature's heart."
"There again—a good creature! Who ever heard of your good creature's being anything but a niny?"
"Well, it is not my business; but I cannot help thinking that you are in a fair way for achieving a very unenviable reputation as a—"
"Say the word—a coquette?"
"No, not a coquette—something worse—a flirt!"
"And pray, most sweet coz, tell me the difference."
"A coquette is a natural being—full of heart—eager to be loved; and she plays off her pretty graces in order that she may attract, and win a lover; a coquette is rather stilted perhaps, but I have known such in a ball-room like this. But a flirt—"
"Ah! do tell us now, what a flirt is?"
"Very well, though you must excuse the severity of my definition. A flirt is an artificial being, very deficient in heart. She has gay manners, clever repartee, ready sarcasm, and an unbounded love of admiration from the other sex. As she gets tired of one lover, she throws him off as she would a pair of old gloves, and tries on another, and another, and another."
"What, so many?"
"In this course she grows reckless, is often unfeeling, and generally short-sighted; for she becomes fickle, and then lovers fly to come at her bidding; and she is surprised in her advanced womanhood to find that while she has made many victims, the greatest of all is herself!"

"Well, really I must cut you short myself. Who ever heard such rubbish? But here comes Tom! Dabbling in 'em, me! I don't think of losing the benefit of such delicious music; that enchanting Strauss—Well, Tom!"
"You'll take a turn of course, I know you never resist a fascinating."
"And with her head upon his shoulder, his hand in her's, his arm circling her beautiful person, away the couple whirled around the ball-room, to the strains of one of Strauss's waltzes. A pair of eyes followed them sorrowfully in their gyration. William Benson was certainly out of place in that gay assembly, though his heart was there. He loved this girl, and had been ineluctably her; for she was intelligent as well as beautiful. But she was altogether unattainable."

"Well—I don't. What do you think of that?"
"Ah! that's all nonsense. But here he comes—nice! And now I will resign my charming charge. Well, Benson, you are an unenviable fellow, to be sure."
"And Dabbling whirled off, and was soon whirling round with a new partner."
"You enjoy yourself much, I hope dear Julia?" observed the youth.
"Well—why not? Of course we are all here for that purpose."
"Surely. And yet, do you know, I rarely feel more oppressed than at one of these gay parties."
"The more fool you!" she muttered. But he seemed not to hear her remark.
"Always contrast the glare, the glitter, and noise—musical though it be, as I confess—of such places, with the charming quiet, and composure of one's own fireside."
"With a dowdy wife, and a pair of dip candles for companions."
"Dowdy? Who would have ever dreamt of such a thing? You dowdy!"
"Oh excuse me, I could not be the person you were thinking of."
"Why? Who else could grace my house, and make my fireside happy?"
"Oh! I fear, with your serious tastes, you will require for a Grace, some heavy person to make you happy—some such person as Miss Morrison, for instance; see how the floor shak's under her ponderous tread!"
"And there she gave one of her silvery ringing laughs—not a very hearty or cheerful laugh it is true—perhaps her laugh was a little bit studied; and she rather prided herself on it, since she was incapable of doing in certain verses which he had once styled it 'Julia's silver music laugh.'"
"Benson was rather nettled at both the remark and the simile expressed, at the exhibition of one less graciously dealt with by nature than herself. He had before noticed this unfavorable feature in Julia's character."
"It is scarcely charitable," he observed, "to make fun of the infirmities of others."
"Infirmity do you call it? Miss Morrison infirm! Why look at her! she has the strength of a giant, and the dimensions of one!"
"Stop, Julia, stop—it is really too bad!"
"And who asked you for your wise opinion, Mr. Benson, as to whether it is good or bad? Who cares?" And here her blue eyes flashed with fire.
"I ask your pardon, Miss Julia, for I see I have offended you again."
"To tell the truth, you bore me."
"Ah, Julia!—or I will call you so once more—I fear your heart turns from me. I have discerned it before, but shut my eyes to the fact."
"Well, if they are open now to the fact, keep them so—Dabbling, come here! you dance the Scotch, don't you?"
"Ah! charming Julia, with you anything." And away they went.
"Benson looks rather dumphish."
"Pshaw the brute has got his quietus, I think."

heart; it had been so frittered away, or hardened, or closed up, that the most beautiful quality of woman's nature had disappeared. Benson had been already rebuffed by her that night; though he loved, had offered himself, and been accepted, he would not presume upon that standing, but would rather leave her still free to take her own course. He thought she studiously avoided him, for she had hurried away from him across the room to her cousin, with whom he have just found her conversing.
She was certainly a beautiful girl. Tall, taper, and lithe, nothing could be more charming than the round and oval outlines of her figure as she glided along the floor. Her dark brown hair enhanced the purity of her complexion, and her eyebrows arched over a pair of dark blue eyes, which glittered with life, as she turned her delicate little head from side to side like a bird, showing the alabaster curve of her stately throat. Her mouth was the sweetest of mouths, deliciously formed, full of fascination when she smiled; though sometimes there lurked upon her lips a polished curl, which made you fear that her smile did not quite express the real feelings of the moment. No wonder that your youth followed with arching eyes, and a sad heart, the movements of this beautiful creature.
She felt his eyes were upon her, and she was only the more bent upon piquing him. Assiduously availing his gaze she devoted herself to her partner, whose nature was very congenial to her own—a dashing and rather impertinent youth.
"Oh, by the way," said he, as he led her panting to her seat, "when does your affair with Benson come off?"
"Impudence?—how dare? was her reply, slipping her perfumed handkerchief in his face. He adroitly caught it in his hand.
"Shall I, your most faithful slave, carry the *gogge d' amour* to the sighing youth? Don't you see him?"
"No! I see nobody that answers your description. What can you mean?"
"Why, Benson to be sure. You know you are going to be married to him—everybody knows that."
"I have him still; because I could not help it."
"Don't make a fool of yourself. Carry. I fear you are going to make a silly business of it. He has no position."
"He will make one, he is so clever."
"Bah! all the world is clever now-a-days."
"But he is affectionate, pure, and noble-minded."
"Why, child, you are talking of a thing which never existed. You are in the clouds. I am happy, though, and am satisfied to believe, and hope, and love on."
"So silly Carry!"
Supper was announced, and the conversation was interrupted. I kept near the pair of charming girls, and took care to make myself agreeable. Being a Benedict, I was suspected by neither. I was no match so the majestic flirt could be at her ease with me. I found her clever, almost too clever, at repartee; brilliant in conversation; and full of satire and wit. She astonished, but did not warm you. I found the charming Caroline by far the most pleasing of the two—a woman whom one could live and be happy with. Julia's beauty dazzled and attracted the most, until you felt a touch of the thorns, which made you feel danger and shun it. The young gentleman, her favored admirer, flattered around her for a time, but shortly disappeared to give place to another, like him to disappear and vanish into domesticity elsewhere.

"Poor Julia! I watched her grow old. I saw her beauty becoming more stately and rigid, her wit becoming more savage, her temper more soured. Lovers fell away, and she ceased to be the observed of all observers. She was no longer the charming, fascinating Julia; she was the wit of a party still; but had ceased to be its belle! Pretty things were no longer poured into her ear; polite attentions ceased to be lavished upon her; other and younger beauties were asked to sing; and she sat apart, a lone woman."
"Alas! the Flirt leads an unhappy life, and makes a sorry ending. She has stifled her heart-longings, and sealed up the fountain of her nature from which the truest happiness flows. If she looks back, it is upon triumphs which have left only regrets behind. She has drawn forth the feelings of others, but not to avail herself of them. Like a butterfly she has flown from flower to flower, and sipped the sweets, but given no honey for the evening of life; and when her brief beauty has fled, she leaves the world neither better nor happier than she found it. Sometimes the flirt marries, and then instead of one person two are made miserable. She becomes fickle and desperate, accepts hurriedly and is married. She seeks an establishment perhaps; the husband discovers the showy woman he has selected for his wife has but a small store of affection reserved for him. His admiration ceases; but the flirt cannot exist without it, and she seeks for it elsewhere. The quiet duties of home are neglected, and the curtain drops over scenes of domestic happiness, if not worse."

School Characters.
Every school boy has his character. Let us go among the group of them and all doubts will vanish. There is a selfish Harry, lying Tom, slovenly Peter, gluttonous Jim, sly Charley, cowardly Dick and fighting Jack; as well as generous George, truthful Joseph, and honest Bob. Ask for evidence that these descriptions are truly applied, and we shall find the same rules of judging are adopted among grown men. There is a commanding public sentiment in every play-ground, and the same right principles that secure for a grown man and a great man, the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, will—other things being equal—secure for a boy the love and confidence of other boys. A long face may be put on—a fawning or hypocritical boy may play a game with an easy and credulous teacher, and for a while retain a false place in his estimation. But the veil is too thin. The true character comes out broadly in the play-ground or on the ice, and the boy that deserves to be loved is loved.
As it is among school-boys, so it is all the world over. An honest and virtuous man may sometimes be unjustly suspected, and the breath of the slanderer may tarnish for a moment an innocent reputation; but the right side comes up sooner or later, and the truth triumphs.

TAKING THE NORTH.—The Governor of Virginia, in his message, recommends a tax upon all products of non-slaveholding States, to be levied in Virginia.

It is proposed in England, to levy a tax on the Electric Telegraph.

Humility is the best evidence of real religion, as arrogance, self-conceit and pretension are the infallible criteria of a spurious devotion.

Boston Path-Ander.

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An Editors Dream on a Slice of Wedding Cake.

It is a good old custom always to furnish your friends a slice of wedding cake to dream on, as well as plenty to eat. If you simply put it under your pillow after eating moderately at supper, you will likely dream pleasant dreams; but if you eat too much before lying down, then look out for trouble. Our brother of the Evansville, Ia., Journal lately suffered in this way, and here is his sad experience. Be warned ye eaters of too much wedding cake.

With the wedding notice in another column we received from the fair hands of the bride a piece of the excellent wedding cake to dream on. Well, we put it under our pillow, shut out an easy conscience, soon snored most prodigiously. The spirit of dreams gently touched us, and led us fancy, were married! Yes, at our side stood a fair being, the bride of a week, who looked more fit for heaven than earth, and as the sequel proved, we were afterwards sorry she did not belong above and stayed there altogether. Time flew by like a dream. For nearly three weeks of the happy seemed to have taken the happy couple himself. Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "my dove," "dearest," "sweetest"—ringing in our ears every moment we could be caught from business, which was all the time, so much did we like this novel language and the fond caresses. Oh that the dream had been broken off here, and we had been left to anticipate such joys without an alloy as a part to be of our future history! But not—some evil genius placed it in the hand of our duck to have pudding for dinner just to please her lord. In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner, promising ourselves a desert of kissing as well as being promised a desert of pudding. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we, fondly, "did you make this?"
"Yes, love; ain't it nice?"
"Glorious; the best bread pudding I ever tasted."

"It's plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.
"Oh no dearest, it's bread pudding; I always was fond of 'em."
"Call that bread pudding!" exclaimed my wife, while her pretty lip slightly curled with contempt.

"Certainly, my dear, I reckon I've had to eat enough at the Sherwood House, to know bread pudding, love, by all means."
"Husband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this in plain pudding, sir; and my wife's pretty brow flushed with excitement.

"My dear, my love, my sweetie," exclaimed I, soothingly, "do not get angry, I'm sure it's very good if it is bread pudding."
"You mean, low wretch!" replied my wife, in a high tone; "you know its plum pudding."

"Then, in'am, it's so meanly put together and so badly burned that the old boy himself would not know it. I will not be contradicted in my own house; it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.
"Bread pudding!" gasped I, plucked to the last, and grasped a roast chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across my head.
"Bread pudding!" we groaned in rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beets landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding, forever!" shouted us in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and in our agility upsetting the table and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled our amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cries. "Plum pudding!" shrieked she with every dish, as if to give it emphasis and force.

"Bread pudding!" in softer tones, came from the huge pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper; "plum pudding" resounding like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with delicate feet and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, I awoke, and this saved my life!

We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

The largest number of steeple passengers that ever crossed the Atlantic in a single vessel arrived in New York last Wednesday in the ship Washington from Liverpool. The number was 963, and with the crew and other persons the whole number on board must have amounted to one thousand souls.

A young girl, named Agnes Gillespie, was caught in the machinery of a mustard factory, in New York, on Tuesday, and before she could be rescued was killed.

"Stop your noise in there," roared Mr. Peppercase, as he heard the sounds of juvenile warfare, in the kitchen. "If I come out there to you, I'll give you something that you'll remember for a fortnight! I'll knock your head off! I never saw such children in my life; always yelling and fighting!"
"I declare, that's queer," said Mrs. Farrington, who was there to see, "that is queer when they have such a very mild man for a father; I should think they would be as gentle as doves. Some fathers are like the frightful porcupine, and of course their children will be fractious. As the old hog squeals, the young ones learn you know." She stared at her gently and smiled as she spoke; and Mr. Peppercase, after a vain effort to detect malice in her looks, changed the subject to the best mode of raising cucumbers, which cooled him down in a short time.

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